

# *Like the Man Who Fell In Love With Jesus*

ERICA GOSS

I want to live in a  
body that quakes, I want  
someone's fingers to press  
marks into my flesh. I want to

open the blue door  
of my heart and let  
the wolf in. I want  
to be in a room  
gradually filling  
with water. I want to

stand on a corner  
and testify, like the man  
who fell in love  
with Jesus. I want to  
breathe and breathe.

I want to know what  
the other ninety percent  
of my brain is for. I want  
to find where my  
dreams are filed.

But summer  
is going faster than  
it came, and every day  
I wade through

load after load  
of leaves collected  
in scarlet puddles  
below the shameless trees.